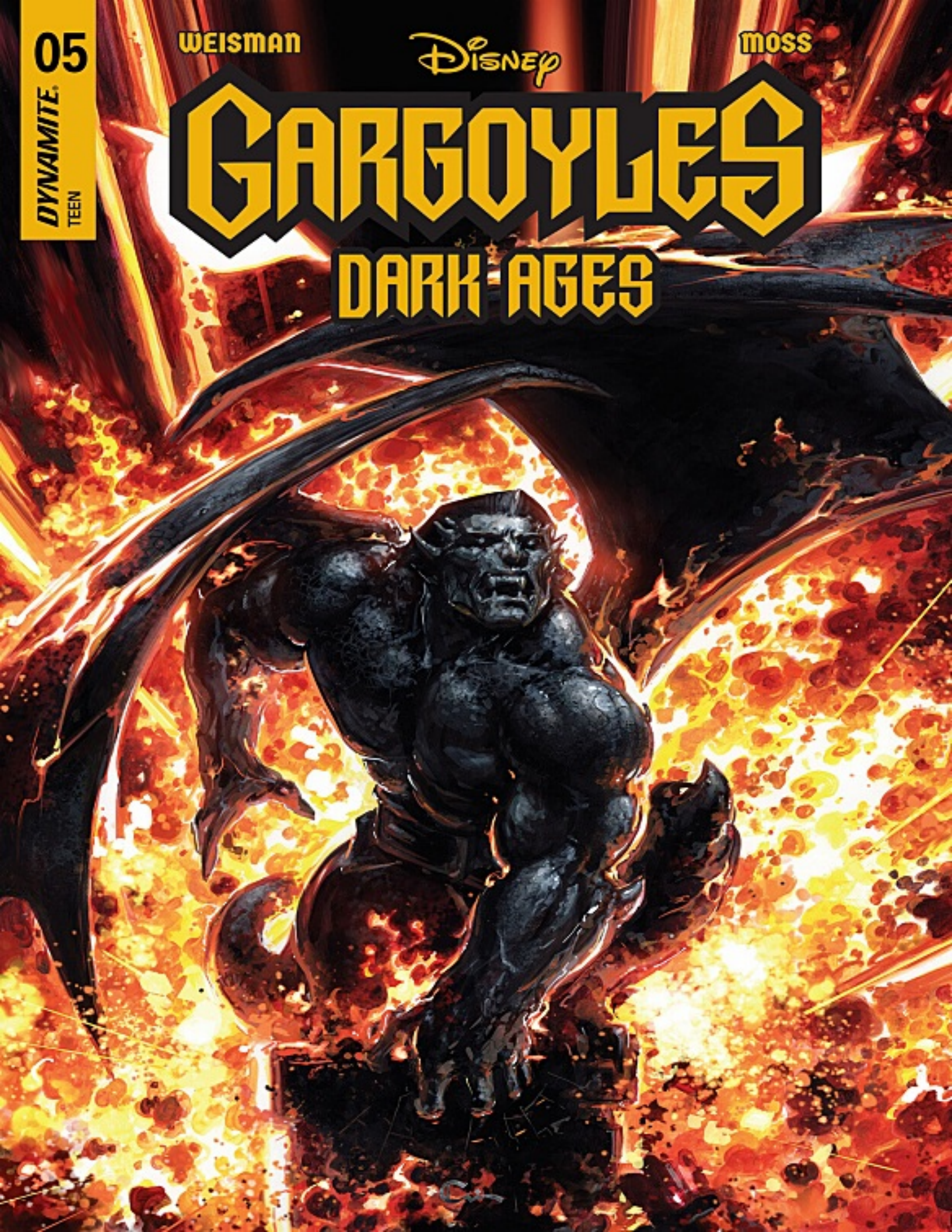
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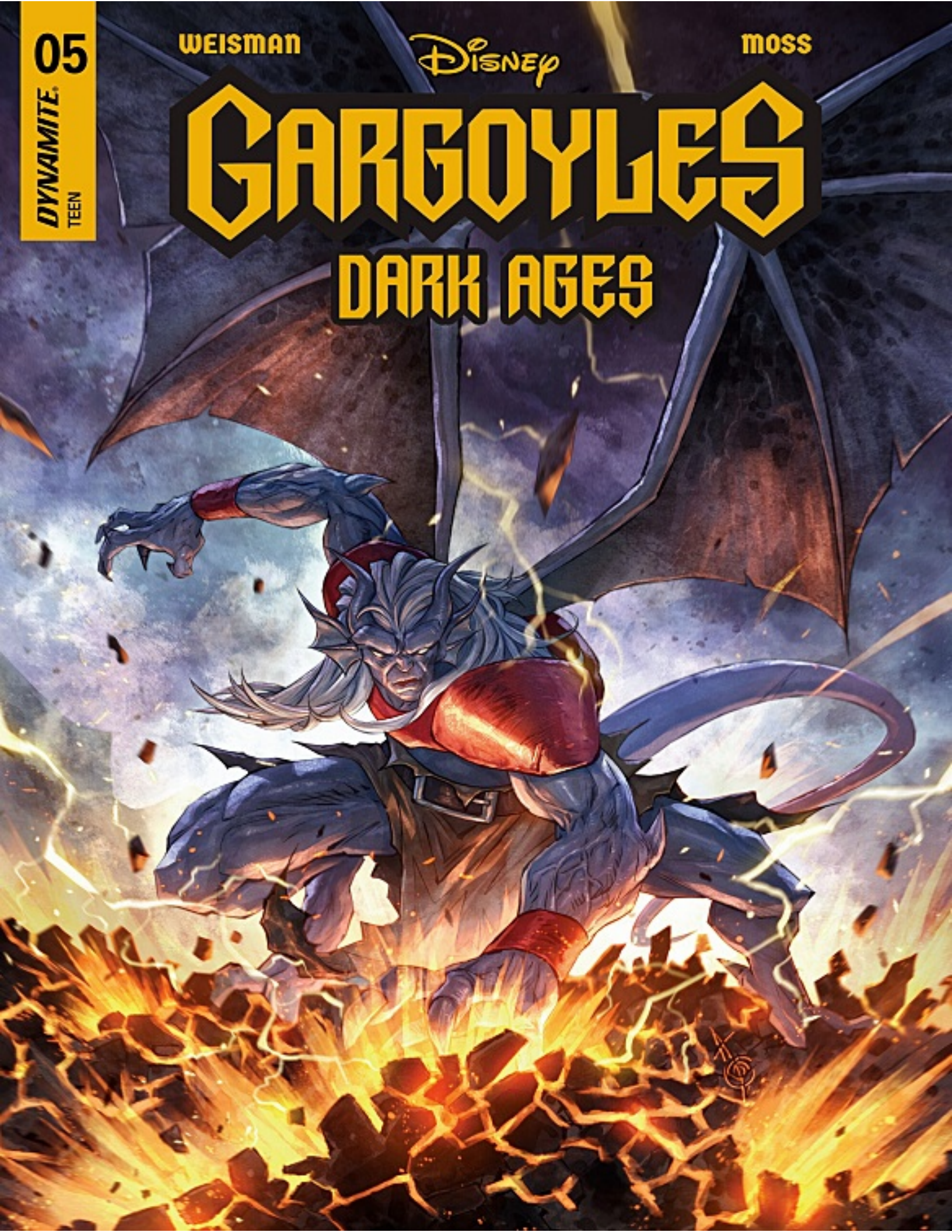
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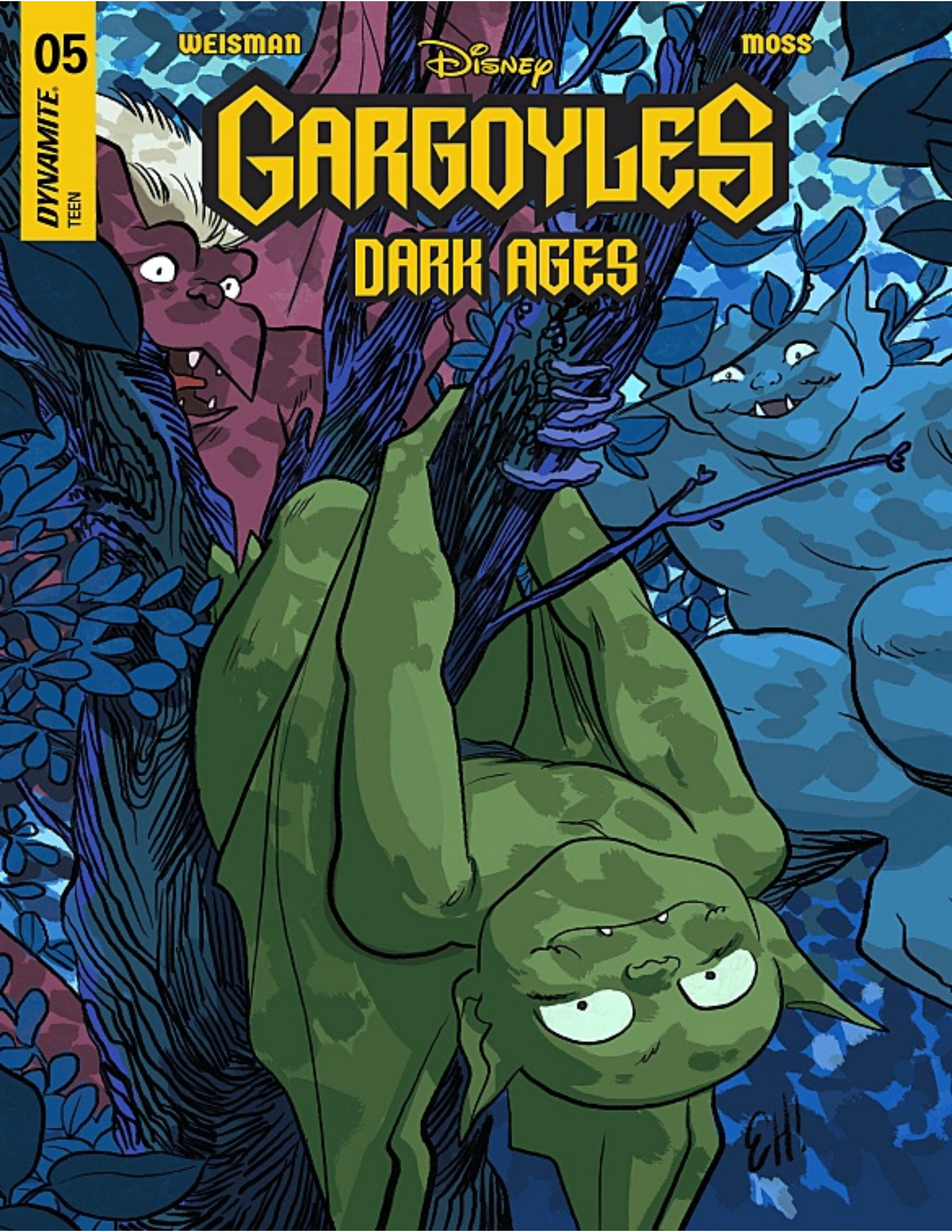
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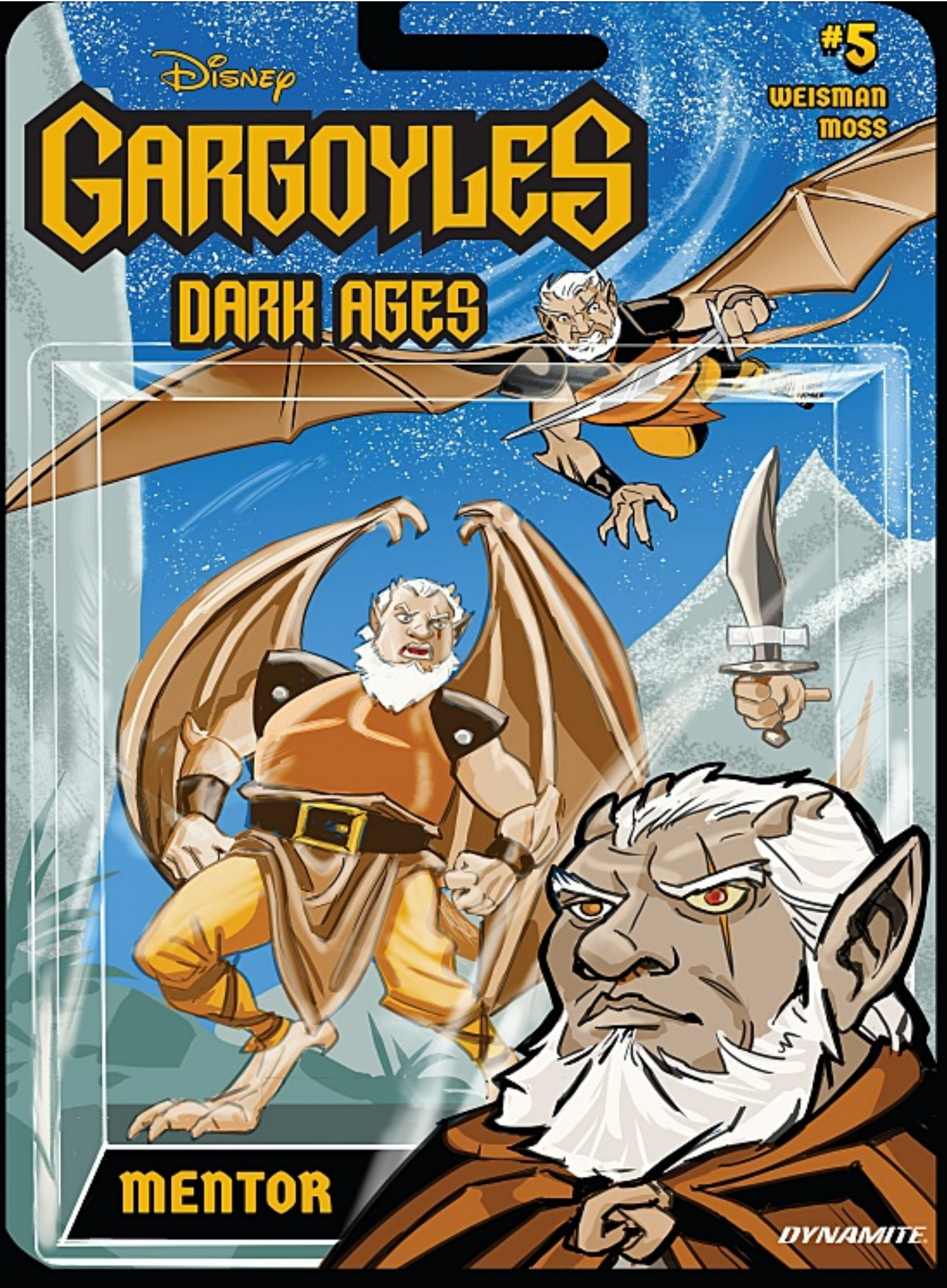
Disney
GARGOYLES
DARK AGES
#5
WEISMAN
MOSS
MENTOR
DYNAMITE

*I feel something new...or, **no**...*
*it's something very, **very old**...*

Special Thanks to Eugene Paraszczuk, Kendall Tamer, Jeff Clark, Cristina Casas, Jeff Thomas, Julie Dorris, Behnoosh Khalili, Samantha Keane & Kevin Pearl

DYNAMITE

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WATCH WHERE YE SWING THAT PALLET! YOU WANT TO BRAIN YOUR OWN COUNTRYMEN?!
AND YOU THERE, QUIT YER LOLLYGAGGING!
BY THE DRAGON, AT THIS RATE, IT'LL TAKE TEN YEARS TO BUILD THIS CASTLE!
YOU KNOW, MENTOR, IT USUALLY TAKES ABOUT TEN YEARS TO BUILD A CASTLE.
WELL, DINNAE TELL THEM THAT, PRINCE. OR WE'LL NE'ER HAVE THIS ONE DONE IN TWENTY.

One thousand years ago, *superstition* and the *sword* ruled. It was a time of *darkness*. It was a world of *fear*. It was...
Disney
GARGOYLES
DARK AGES
ALLIANCE
Chapter Five: The Dream
IT'S NOT YOUR SHIFT, HUMAN. YOU MAY LEAVE THE *NIGHTWORK* TO US.
AYE, I COULD. BUT WHY WOULD I WANT TO MISS *THIS MOMENT?*
FOR LOOK ABOUT YOU!
HUMANS *AND* GARGOYLES, AT WORK *TOGETHER* TO ACHIEVE COMMON ENDS, A COMMON GOOD!
AND THIS IS JUST THE *BEGINNING!*
INDEED. THAT IS *THE DREAM.*
Greg Weisman Writer
Drew Moss Artist
Martina Pignedoli Color Artist
Jeff Eckleberry Letterer
Clayton Crain Main Cover
Nathan Cosby Packager/Editor

WHY AREN'T WE USING THIS?
IT'S FOR THE HUMANS, M'LAD. FOR THEIR DAYWORK...
...THEIR SPECIES NEEDS SOMETHING TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR CONSPICUOUS LACK OF MUSCLE.
BUT WE SHOULD USE IT, TOO. IT'S MUCH MORE EFFICIENT...
AND IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF FUN!
WHOA, THERE, YE ROOKLINGS...
YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS IS FUN!
NO, WAIT! SLOW DOWN!

WHZZZZZ
SMASH
¡¿QUÉ DIABLOS ESTÁ PASANDO AQUÍ?!
I'D FLY IF I WERE YOU, LADS...
BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
KRASH
BOOM

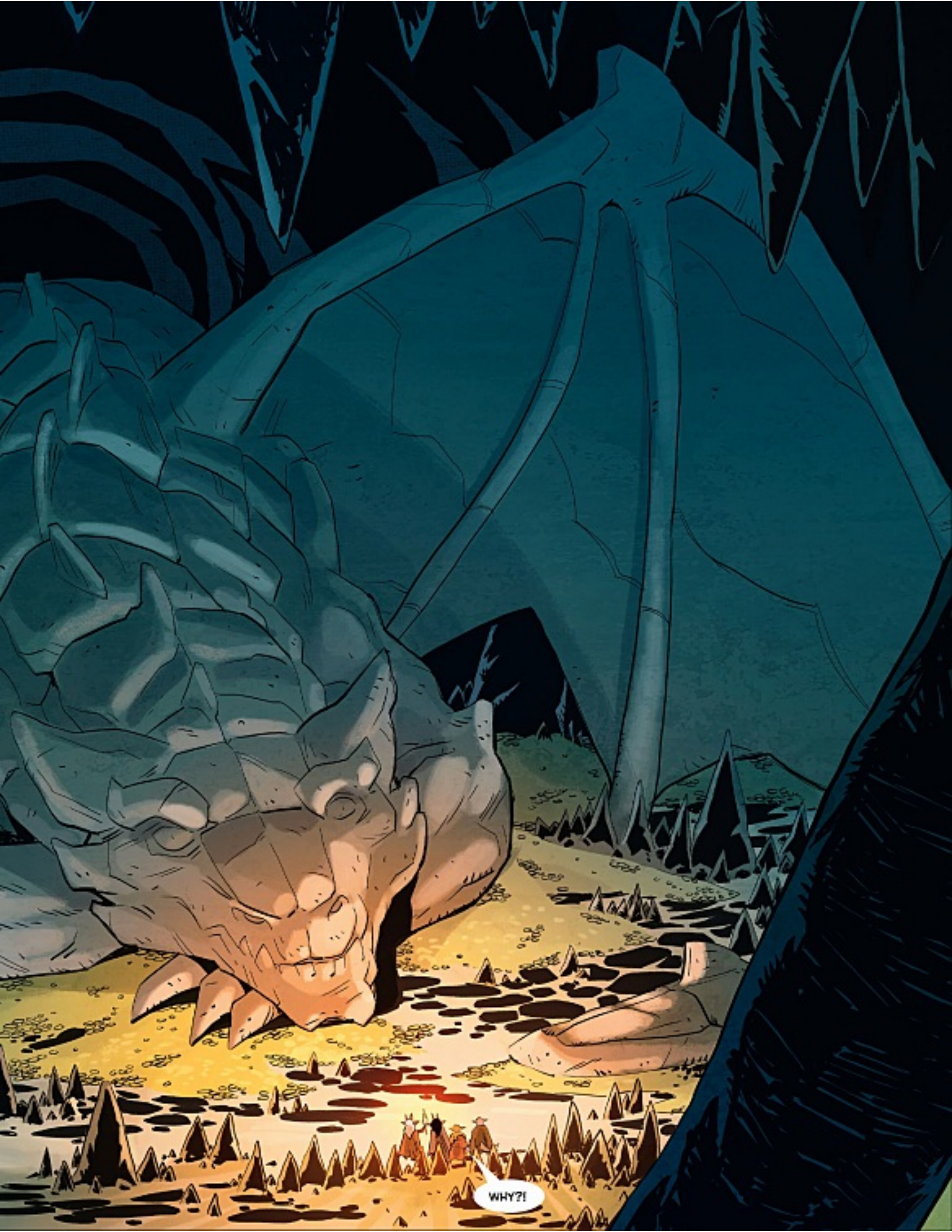
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
NOWHERE!
NOT PLAYING WITH HUMAN STUFF, THAT'S FOR SURE!
WELL, YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME TAKE ALESAND FLYING...
FLYING! GREAT IDEA!
FLYING. RIGHT! FLYING FAR, FAR AWAY!
WAIT, YOU MEAN...RIGHT NOW?
I'M NOT CERTAIN I'M REAAAAAADYYYYYY...
OH, IT'S... IT'S EVERYTHING I DREAMED IT WOULD BE...
SEE? KNEW YOU WERE READY.

LOOK, THERE'S OUR VILLAGE!
AND MY GRAN'S COTTAGE!
THAT WAS AMAZING! THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
WHAT DID SHE DO?
WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE?
LET'S FIND OUT!
OOO, I LIKE THAT PLAN!

THIS COULD COME IN HANDY...
WELL, THAT'S NOT OMINOUS AT ALL...
NO.
MEANING... YOU WANT TO TURN AROUND?
I WONDER WHAT ALL THIS MEANS...
DON'T KNOW. CAN'T READ.
I CAN READ, BUT I CAN'T READ THIS.
YOU CAN READ? WILL YOU TEACH ME?
SURE!
WHO BUILT ALL THIS?
HUH. AND YOU THOUGHT THE THRESHOLD WAS OMINOUS...
I DID. I USED TO.
I GUESS SOME THINGS ARE MORE OMINOUSER THAN OTHERS...
LET'S NOT STICK AROUND.
AGREED.

CAN YOU READ THOSE CHICKEN SCRATCHES?
NO, BUT I WANT TO LEARN HOW.
WHAT'S THE POINT? THEY'LL JUST COME UP WITH NEW CHICKEN SCRATCHES TO CONFUSE YOU.
ANTIOPE?
SO, WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS THING?
ANTIOPE?
=GASP= IT'S A GHOST-CAGE!
IT'S A WHAT?
NEVER MIND. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

JUST HOW FAR *DOWN* DO THESE CAVES GO?
ARE WE *LOST?* BECAUSE YOU CAN TELL ME IF WE'RE LOST.
ALESAND, I WANT YOU TO *HIDE* NOW.
DON'T TOUCH IT!
WHY?
IS THAT *GOLD?*


WHY?!

WE'LL NEED MORE STOUT *MEN* TO BRING STONE FROM THE *QUARRY*, TOMORROW...
SEE, DOWN IN THE VILLAGE, MY PARENTS *APPRENTICED* ME TO *WICK* THE *WEAVER*.
A GOOD TRADE. A RESPECTABLE TRADE.
I SUPPOSE. BUT WHAT I *REALLY* WANT TO DO IS *ACT*...
THAT'S IT. LIVE *INSIDE* THE *WIND*. LET HER SHARE HER *KNOWLEDGE* WITH YOUR *HEART*...
YES. I *FEEL* IT. HER GUSTS ARE COLD, BUT HER *WISDOM* WARMS ME...
"THE SC-SCORPION SAID... WUH-WHY ARE YOU SURPRISED? YOU KUH-KUH-KUHNEHH--"
"KNEW."
OH. YES. "YOU *KNEW* I WAS A SCORPION WUH-WHEN YOU UH... AGREED TO CARRY ME ACROSS..."

BUT--
=SHHHHH=
=KRAKK=
ROOAARRR

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT...
HUH. I WOULD'VE THOUGHT ACTORS USED WOODEN SWORDS...
I FEEL SOMETHING NEW... OR, NO...IT'S SOMETHING VERY, VERY OLD...
"ALL THE MICE AGREED TO BELL THE CAT, BUT WOH..." NO... "BUT WHO WOULD VOLUNTEER--"
SILENCE.
WE HAVE A PROBLEM. AND AN OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT IS ALL THIS *RACKET?* AND *WHOM* DO WE HAVE HERE?
WE ARE *GARGOYLES* OF THE *WYVERN CLAN!*
AH, *MY* CLAN, THEN. YOU FOUR ARE FAR TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER, AS I HAVE *LONG* SLEPT...
... BUT I *FOUNDED* YOUR CLAN, *LITTLE COUSINS*, AND BROUGHT YOUR *ANCESTORS* TO YON *HILL*--
--TO *PROTECT* MY LANDS, MY TREASURE... AND *MY REST.*
PROTECT ALL THAT FROM *WHO?*
WHY, FROM THE *HUMAN VERMIN*, OF COURSE.
BUT OUR LEADER MADE AN *ALLIANCE* WITH THE HUMANS--
WELL, DON'T TELL HIM THAT!
HE JUST CALLED THEM *VERMIN*, DIDN'T YOU HEAR--
WHAT?!

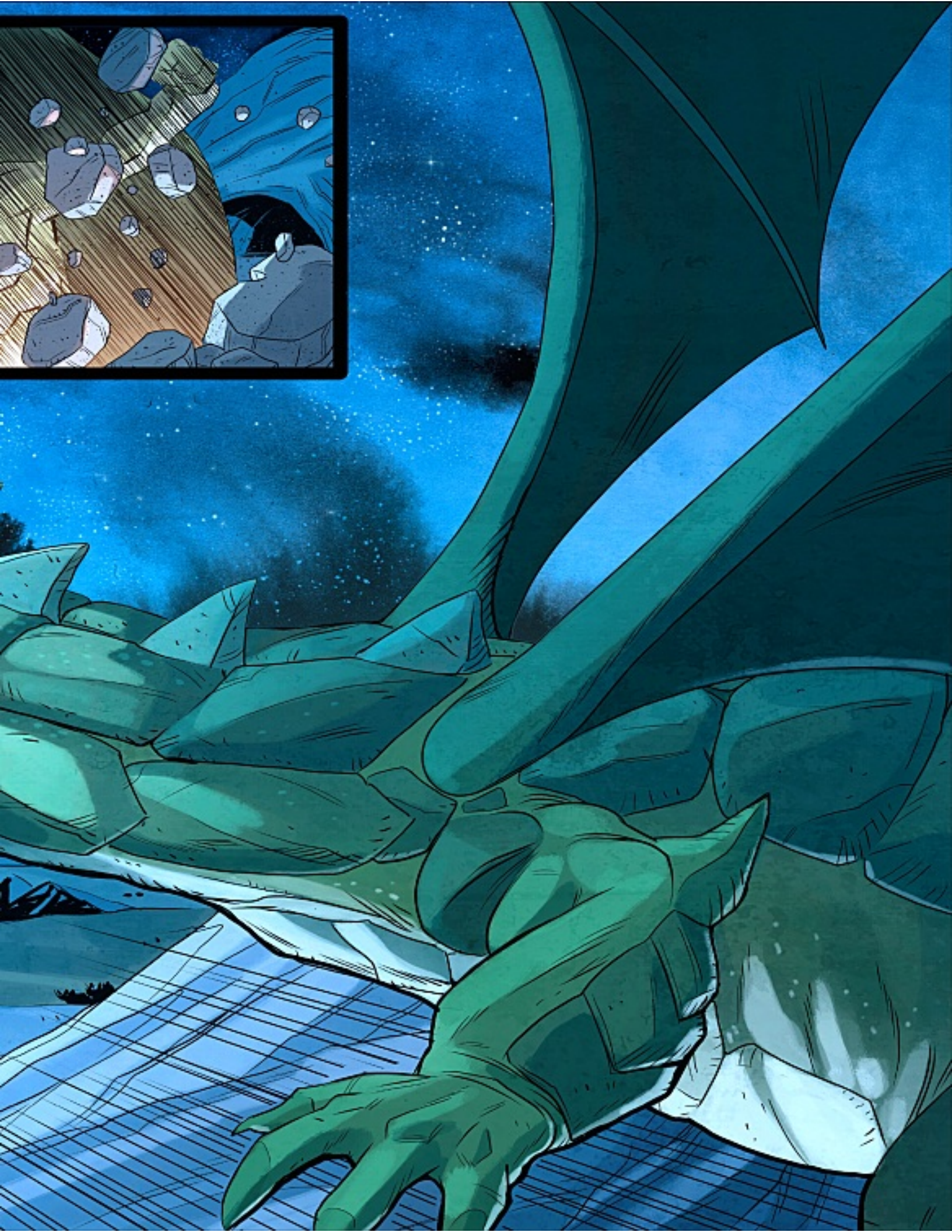
HUMANS ON MY LAND! ON WYVERN'S HILL!
NEXT THEY WILL COME FOR MY TREASURE!
NO WONDER I HAVE BEEN SO RESTLESS THESE PAST WEEKS...
NO, NO, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK--
NO ONE EVEN KNOWS ABOUT YOUR TREASURE--
NO ONE EVEN KNOWS ABOUT YOU--
NO ONE REMEMBERS YOU'RE HERE!
AND THE ALLIANCE MAKES A LOT OF SENSE!
RIGHT! WE PROTECT THE HUMANS DURING THE DAY, AND THE HUMANS PROTECT US AT NIGHT!
NO, STRIKE THAT. REVERSE IT.
SORRY, SORRY. I'M NERVOUS. NEVER MET A DRAGON BEFORE...
IS YOUR RHYDDERCH A FOOL, THEN?
TELL ME, LITTLE COUSINS--
--WHAT GARGOYLE LEADER WOULD TRUST IN HUMANS FOR PROTECTION?
IN MY NOT INCONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE, HUMANS ARE A PLAGUE ON ALL THE STONE-FLESH...
... A NOISY, FETID PLAGUE ON ALL THE WORLD, IN FACT...
SNIFSNIF

...I THINK I SMELL ONE, NOW.
WHICH IS FINE, JUST FINE, AS I AM FEELING...
...PECKISH.
GO! GO! RUN!
KRR-UNCHH
OUT OF THE WAY, COUSINS! IT IS TIME TO BREAK MY FAST!
DON'T YOU EAT OUR FRIEND!
DON'T YELL! RUN!

IS HE FOLLOWING?
DON'T STOP! DON'T LOOK BACK!
HE CAN'T FIT IN HERE!
NO, BUT CAN DRAGONS REALLY BREATHE FIRE?
UM...
WOOSHH
...THEY DEFINITELY CAN!!
JUST KEEP MOVING! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET TO ALESAND!
WE WILL?!
SISTER, GET HER OUT THE WAY WE CAME IN! WE'LL LURE THE DRAGON AWAY!
WHOA!

WHY DON'T YOU EAT SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?!
AN INTERESTING CHALLENGE, COUSIN. AND WHERE EXACTLY WOULD I FIND SUCH A MEAL?
OR ARE YOU VOLUNTEERING?
YOU'D EAT US?
NO, NOT REALLY.
WE ARE TOO CLOSELY RELATED TO MAKE THAT APPETIZING...
... NEVERTHELESS, I URGE YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY WAY, LEST YOU GET... DAMAGED.
LISTEN, THE FOLKS AT THE CASTLE KNOW WE'RE DOWN HERE. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO US--
CASTLE?!
YOU HAD TO MENTION THE CASTLE...

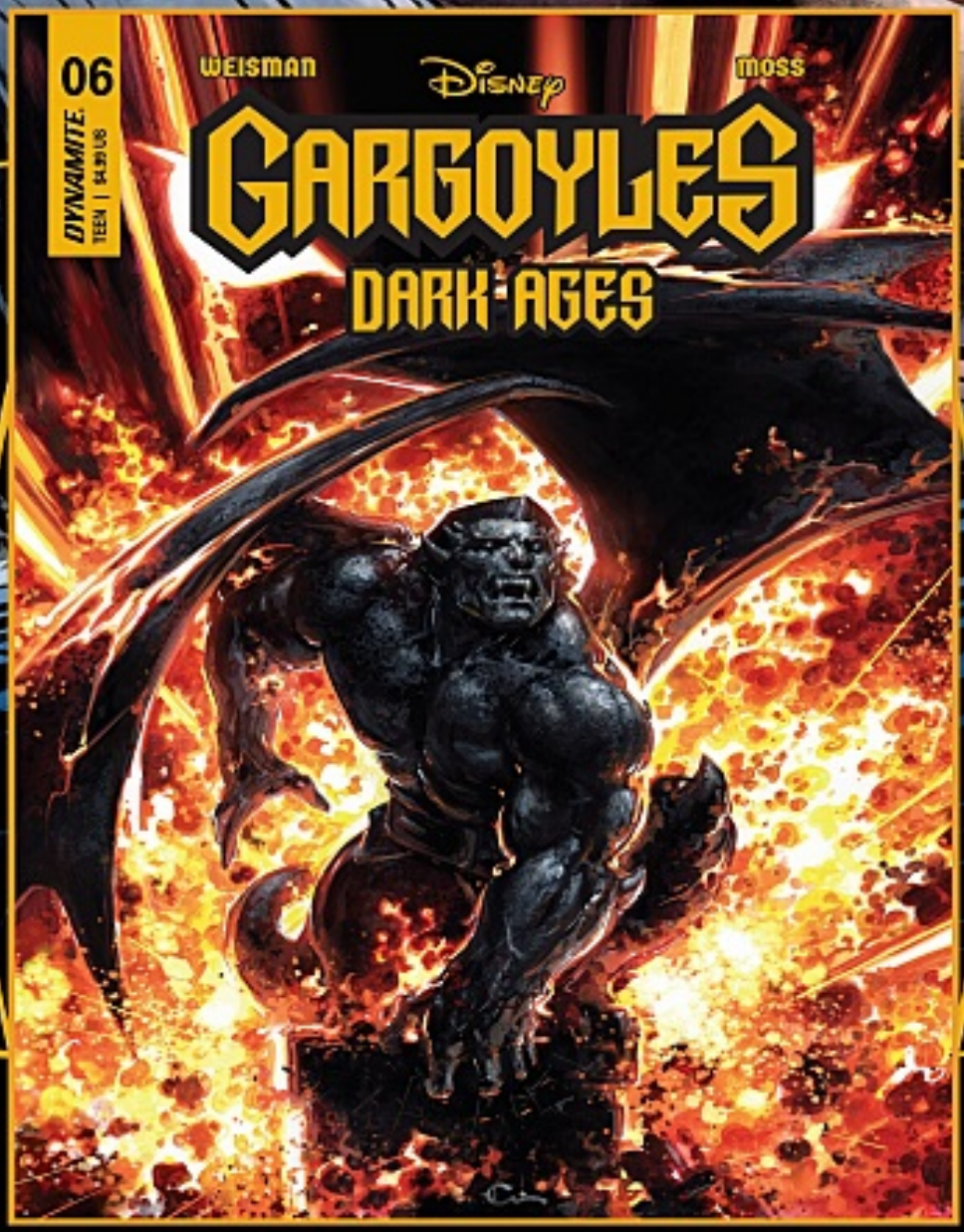
WA-BOOM
GRRRAARRR



PRROAARRR
BY THE DRAGON...
IT'S A DRAGON...
NEXT:
The Pledge

From Series creator GREG WEISMAN & illustrator DREW MOSS

NEXT ISSUE IN DISNEY GARGOYLES DARK AGES



The Gargoyles attempt to reason with a Dragon –
and the resulting battle, high in the skies above Castle Wyvern,
will change their destiny forever!

Covers by CLAYTON CRAIN, ALAN QUAH, MIRKA ANDOLFO, KENYA DANINO & MORE

IN STORES FEBRUARY!

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THE TALE OF THE THREE BROTHERS

PART THE FIFTH

It seems the Players only had three plays prepared to, well… play, because on their fourth night of performing – their fifth night on Wyvern Hill – they once again performed their Italian Tragedy. Once again, Duke Iagolino betrayed the Moor, whose honor was only saved thanks to the sacrifice of his Great Love, the Countess Desdemona. But saving his honor could not save his life, and so the Countess ended the play in mourning. Sad as it was, I actually think I enjoyed the performance more the second time. I think I understood it better.

But on to the next installment of the Dark-Haired Lady's story…

The Story is told – though who can say if it be true – of Three Brothers, who were destined to save their land from tyranny – to save it, and lose it, and save it again.

It was still the fifth year of King Duff's reign, the Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seventh year of the Common Calendar. For Duff's youngest brother, Prince Malcolm, the previous half-decade had been the best years of his life. In those dark times, it just didn't get any better than this…

How quickly things had changed.

At Gaine, Culen's Irish Army met the King's Men. The first battle was brief and bloody, and Culen's Irish got the better of Duff's Scots. Duff, himself, was wounded in the leg. Nothing serious, but he was carried from the field. Duff's brother Kenneth fought like a true Thane. And Malcolm got his first taste of combat. A man met with his sword. He stood over that man. Wondered if the man's wife had red hair. Corporal Robert used his shield to block the cudgel aimed at Malcolm's contemplative skull. Robert shoved

Malcolm to the ground and dispatched the attacker. Malcolm stared at his friend… then nodded. Now he understood…

I couldn't help but glance up at Prince Malcolm, and I'm certain I wasn't the only one. But his face – or what little was revealed of it in the firelight – told us nothing of his thoughts. And, perhaps knowing what was coming, he walked away from the fire leaving the Tale to the Teller and to those less familiar with the truths it told…

Retreat was sounded. Malcolm picked himself up. He and Robbie fought their way back behind the Scottish lines.

That night, in council, Duff once again named his brother Kenneth as his heir. Kenneth protested: there already was a new heir, a new Kenneth, Duff's own son. But Duff shook his head. If anything happened to him, the kingdom would need a king, not a wee babe. Kenneth protested: the kingdom would NOT need a new king.

"It might," Duff stated. *"We are fighting tomorrow."* At first Kenneth thought his brother meant the Army, but he soon realized from the King's expression that he was using the Royal *"We."*

"You can't walk, Duff!"

"We have ordered a litter. The men need to see their King take the field."

Kenneth was completely exasperated: *"Duff!"*

But the King only repeated: *"We have ordered a litter. The men must see their King."* It was the final word on the subject.

There was fog in the morning. Four huge Guardsmen carried the king on his litter. The battle was joined. Kenneth pushed forward

in a berserker rage. Malcolm flanked him, keeping pace. He did the work of a soldier on another opponent, the second in two days. And then on a third. And a fourth. And… he realized consciously that it was time to lose count. Robert was never far from his friend. *NEVER*. It was going well. The Scots had rallied. They were going to win.

Suddenly, in the midst of the fighting, one of the King's Guardsmen, the one on the left at the rear, simply stepped back and let go of his burden. Caught off guard, the other three dropped the King onto his back. Left-and-Rear drew a dagger, and before anyone could move – before anyone could even *think* to move – Left-and-Rear stole the King from the Earth.

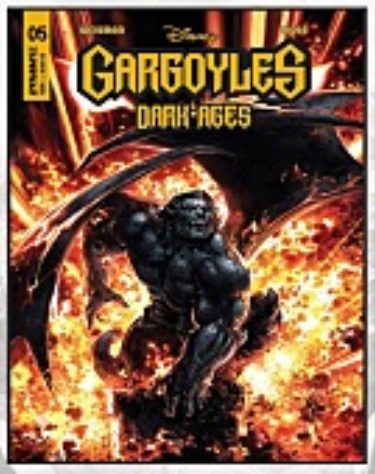
Left-and-Rear. Nameless. Soon to be quite faceless. What had this man been thinking? What had he been promised? How did he think he'd ever survive? We'll never know. He was set upon immediately. Dispatched. And worse. But the damage was done. Word spread like wildfire. The King was dead, betrayed by one of his own. The Scottish line broke, folded in. Shattered, like a mirror bringing seven years bad luck. (Well, four at least.)

Kenneth, Malcolm, Robert and a handful – a handful only, I'm sad to say – barely escaped with their lives. Culen had won. Won the battle. Won the kingdom. Allies defected faster than rats off the proverbial sinking ship. Kenneth fled with his extended family down into Northern England. They were not welcomed there, but they were tolerated. Enroute, Malcolm's mother Katharine took a chill. The chill became a fever. The fever, a delirium. And then… she was gone. Malcolm was an orphan.

Even for those dark times, life just didn't get any worse than this…

She stopped here, which by this time was not unexpected, and promised to conclude her Tale on the very next night…

COVER GALLERY



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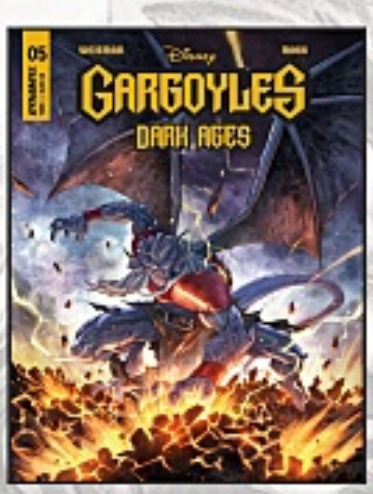

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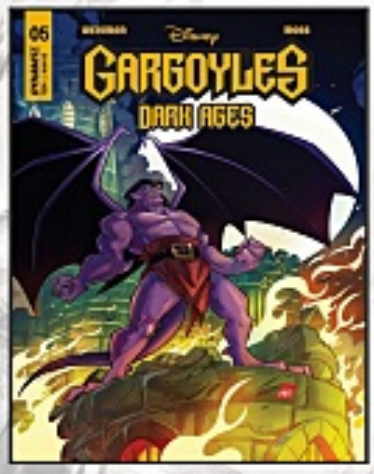

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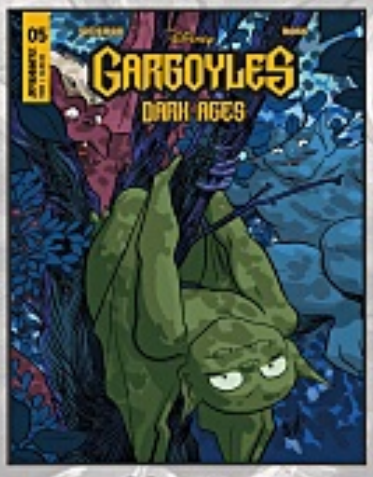

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COVER F
ACTION FIGURE ART
Art by
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COVER G
7 COPY INCENTIVE
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COVER H
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ACTION FIGURE ART
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COVER GALLERY

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COVER M
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